Smith's Report

Encouraging an Open Debate on the Holocaust Question

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NOTEBOOK

The other night I was having dinner with Ted O'Keefe and the subject of this newsletter came up. He asked me why I had changed the tag line for *Smith's Report* from "Encouraging an Open Debate on the Holocaust Story" to "The Story of a Book."

I explained that the entire project for the next year was going to be based on *Break His Bones*. The Campus work. Work on the Internet, the Web, radio – everything. All of it together was going to be the story of the book, how I work to publicize it, and how the other side works to black-list and suppress it.

He said I was making a mistake. That by changing the tag line to what I had, I was informing my readers that I was diminishing the scope of the work – from one of addressing a great cultural/political issue to merely peddling my book.

"That's not what your supporters are interested in, Bradley. They want you to do what you have been doing – promoting an open debate on the Holocaust. You don't want to give your

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BREAK HIS BONES IS PRINTED & AT THE DISTRIBUTION CENTER FIRST AD FOR *BONES* IS AT STUDENT NEWSPAPERS

It finally happened. *Bones* is printed. It looks very good. I was worried about how the production would turn out. There had been so many technical misunderstandings between my local designers on this side of the border and those at the printer in Michigan, that in the end I wasn't quite certain what I was going to get. What I did understand was that I had to have one small printing of the book – 2,000 copies – and that I had to have it ASAP, even if it was not perfect.

In the event, the book looks every bit as good as I had hoped it would look. At the end of the design process Germar went over it and got it into shape, the printer handled his end very well, and the production is good enough to go into bookstores. It's a real book, very simply designed, but well designed, and I'm pleased with it.

Once the book was in hand it was time to get the two basic promotional tools working. These included finishing the Web page for < www.brearkhisbones.com >, and setting up the account with my distributor BookMasters, Inc. The primary issue here was to get the Web page presentable so that BookMasters could link to it and those who go to my Web page would be able to order

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supporters the impression, even if it's wrong, especially if it is wrong, that you are doing anything less that what you have been doing for twenty years. It's the wrong statement to make, and it's wrong no matter what you strategy or tactics are."

I hadn't looked at it from that perspective. While most of you would understand what I am doing, some would not. New people, in particular, would not. So I changed it back to the way it was: "Encouraging an Open Debate on the Holocaust Story."

O'Keefe has always been a pain in the neck about this kind of thing.

THE CAMPUS PROJECT

It's underway. All these months in preparation, and here we are. I have submitted a modest ad for *Break His Bones* to two universities as of this writing. University of California at Berkeley and the University of Texas at Austin. I have no way to judge what will happen. Berkeley appears to be backing away. My sense of things is that whatever ad I submit now, advertising *Break His Bones: The Private Life of a Holocaust Revisionist*, will have a core strength that no other ads I have run have had.

The individual ad will not (may not) cause the great scandal that most of the Project's earlier ads did. Those challenging the gas-chamber display at the U.S. Holocaust Memorial Museum, the $250,000 offer to anyone who could get us a debate with the ADL on primetime television, the "scam" that the Simon Wiesenthal Center ran about having a photograph of "smoke" billowing from a "gas-chamber" smokestack. Those were absolutely unique and helped make Holocaust revisionism a "household" word on college campuses all across the nation.

Advertisements for *Break His Bones* will have a different kind of strength. Whereas the big controversial ads that we ran were knockouts, they were not "constant." By their nature, they would be run one time at one campus, and then it was over. It was not entirely over in that each ad contained the address of CODOHWeb and the library of information that is available there. But the "presence" of the ad itself left the campus when it ran one time.

The ads for *Break His Bones* can run one, two or three months at any given campus. I think it is going to prove to be harder for a student newspaper to ban an advertisement for a book that is dedicated to the ideal of intellectual freedom than it was to refuse to run an ad that was attacking some "shrine" to the Holocaust or some "saint" who speaks for it.

The ad for *Break His Bones* is a neutral offer of a book on a controversial subject. The student can click on the Internet address I provide and they will go directly to the Web page for the book. There they will find a 4,500-word document (reprinted below) talking about the book. The book can be ordered with another click of the reader's mouse. If the reader is uncertain that he wants to purchase the book, he can subscribe to

Bradley Smith's FREE
E-mail newsletter:

THE STORY OF A BOOK
A TRAINING MANUAL ON HOW TO BLACK-LIST WRITERS

(Nice title, eh?)

In my Internet e-zine I will keep people up to date on what I am doing to publicize *Bones,* and at the same time what those on the other side are doing to black-list it and smear me as a "thought criminal." Readers, even those who know nothing about revisionist theory, nothing about me, will have the situation laid out before them in a way that will be unmistakable. As print stories develop around the "contest," I will link to them electronically so that readers will have access to the entire picture. The purpose here is to give the reader so much information about the censorship of *Break His Bones* – of revisionist theory -- that they will "have" to read the book.

Meanwhile, the ad for *Break His Bones*, written by a man whom the ADL has labeled one of the top ten "extremists" in America, will be running in a number of student newspapers. How many papers depends on how much support I get (at the moment the ad is with only two papers because that is all I can afford to pay for at this time).

Once the other side engages, then I am at liberty to start looking for media via press releases, radio talk shows, the distribution of my free e-zine – "The Story of a Book: A Training Manual for Black-listing Writers." I do not see how the ADL can sit by and watch the ad appear twice a week in a student newspaper on a campus such as Berkeley or Texas. I don't see how the professors can let it go. I think we will have our story, we will sell books, and we will begin once again to engage the media and the academic community in a debate that they do not want to happen but will not be able to stay out of.

If this sounds like a lot of work, it is. That is why I have contracted with John Bolton to run interference with media on and off campus. With Bolton's help, we will be able to handle this. If there is too much on our plate at any given time, we'll scrape the less important stuff off into the trash and deal with what we believe will prove to be the most significant. One way or the other, we'll do it.

BREAK HIS BONES IS PRINTED

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the book either via the Internet or by calling an 800 number. BookMasters will do all fulfillment and shipping.

I had already been working on the new Web page off and on for weeks. Before the book was printed I had a pretty good page set up. Then I realized something very interesting. I had been on the verge of making a serious conceptual error with the page. This Web page is the heart of the Project.

I had been designing the Web page for *Bones* as a kind of "mini" version of the CODOH Web site. Why not? CODOHWeb has received upwards of 25-million (!) hits over the last six years. As they say, if it's working, don't fix it.

But one night here at my desk, reading one of the many electronic marketing and technical newsletters that I subscribe to now, I realized I

was creating another "free library" of information for those who reached the site. That was not the purpose of breakhisbones.com. I needed a Web page focused on one thing only – promoting the book, and through that, creating a public context where revisionist theory could be discussed in a rational manner.

It was painfully simple – once I say what I was doing. I didn't need to create a new mini library. I needed a sales letter. That's how you do direct mail marketing, whether it is distributed via the USPO in the traditional way, or distributed via the Internet. Simple. A straightforward sales letter. The letter would be the primary document I would use for all my outreach – for both the book, and for revisionism, because there is no "light" between the two.

Writing the sales document was oddly difficult for me. The letter kept sliding over into arguing revisionist theory, justifying revisionist theory, condemning the censorship and suppression of revisionist theory. I needed to focus on selling the qualities and benefits of the book itself. To make a long story short it took me three weeks and some thirty drafts to get a sales letter that I can live with, for the time being.

The document does not ignore revisionist theory, but it focuses on the "private life" of the author, which is what the book's title promises. Those who like this sort of thing will like it. Those who don't, won't. No book speaks to everyone. Because this document is so important to the Project as a whole, I am reprinting it below. Your critical reaction to it will be much appreciated.

The second issue I had to deal with immediately was to make the connection between the Web page for *Bones* and BookMasters, its distributor. BookMasters is a pivotal key to this project right now. I kept this connection more or less under wraps until they received the 2,000 books from the printer and I was certain, as certain as I could be, that they would not back out of their contract with me.

These are the key services that BookMasters provides.

Storage and fulfillment.

24 hour 800 line for order taking.

They're "talk show" specialists.

Credit card order taking from the *Bones* Web page.

A page in their own online bookstore, Atlas Books.

Distribution contract with Ingram's, the largest book distributor in America (Ingram's does not accept books from small (tiny) publishers like myself.

Routine solicitation of bookstore accounts.

And a number of other important services.

As you can see, these are all things that I would have to do myself if I did not have someone like Book-Masters to do them for me. There is no other company that provides the services that BookMasters does.

In the event, I took care of that and all those programs are in place.

So – here is the primary document that I am going to use to "make contact" with Internet users who do not know me, do not trust revisionist theory, and the majority of whom have been "trained" to believe we are doing something that should be condemned. Again, your critical comments will give me some perspective on this document – the document around which the Project will turn for the foreseeable future.

Some of this info will be familiar to long-time readers of **SR**. It may be a little boring for you to have to go over it again. Try to see it from the eyes of someone who knows nothing about revisionism, nothing about the author, and nothing about the Holocaust Industry.

Break His Bones: The Private Life of a Holocaust Revisionist.
320 pages, 112,000 words. Soft cover. $19. - (U.S.)

One afternoon twenty-odd years ago I realized that I had come to feel a personal responsibility to encourage an open debate on the Holocaust question—the Mother of all taboos. It wasn't a decision I made after carefully thinking through the consequences of what might come of it for my family or myself. I had come to feel, simply, that something had to be done about the exploitation of a corrupt Holocaust story, by many of the wrong people for many wrong reasons.

Last year, after I recovered from the shock of the disaster of 9/11, I went through a period where I asked myself if we would continue to hear about the Jewish Holocaust the way we had heard about it—and heard and heard and heard about it—during the years before 9/11. After 9/11 and the unending war on terrorism, the unending campaign in Afghanistan, and then the growing bluster of the talk about war with Iraq, what relevance could the six-decade-old Jewish Holocaust story have for Americans? Or anyone?

Remarkably, nothing has changed. The Jewish Holocaust story is once again flooding media. Academia continues to grow Holocaust courses, Holocaust departments, Holocaust chairs, Holocaust "awareness." The Holocaust story, with all its fraud and falsehood, continues to be used to support Israeli policies in Palestine, and to secure the funding of the Israeli military by the U.S. Congress. Nothing has changed in half a century. As a Jewish writer in "The New York Press" remarked recently, the U.S./Israeli alliance cannot be discussed rationally because every conversation on the matter ends up in "the ovens of Auschwitz."

Exactly. So long as the U.S./Israeli alliance remains in tact, every such conversation will end up in the "ovens of Auschwitz." That's the function that the story serves. To evade a real back and forth about the alliance. It is the expression of a deep, na-

tional, cultural neurosis. Real men and women would get over it after half a century, then get back to their *quiche*.

Arguing for an open debate on the Jewish Holocaust question, then, inevitably leads to the argument for an open debate regarding the wisdom (foolishness?) of the U.S./Israeli alliance. The Holocaust story was the instrument, the contrivance, that was used to "morally" legitimate Jewish claims to Arab land in Palestine following World War Two. It remains the instrument used to morally legitimate the ongoing colonization of Palestinian Arab land by Jewish settlers from Europe, North America, and other countries around the world.

To argue for an open debate on the Holocaust leads directly to being blacklisted by the Holocaust Industry, which on this subject drags the media and the professorial class behind it like a sick dog drags its tail. The slander, false accusations, hypocrisy and double standards in argument reach levels of bad faith that have seldom been equaled.

This being the situation, you might wonder why I chose to use the photograph I did for the cover of my book. That is—what's so funny? If I am routinely condemned and slandered by the best and brightest in our society, why am I not soured? Why am I in such good spirits? There are a lot of things I have no answer for, but I do have an answer for this one. It's the professors.

The professorial class is a bottomless source of amusement for me. The very class of people that considers itself to be the guardian of the great ideal of the university in Western culture—the ideal of intellectual freedom—routinely argues that while some should be allowed intellectual freedom, others should be denied it. Example: if you believe everything the professors, together with the Holocaust Industry, tell you about the Jewish Holocaust story, you can write what you want. If you are skeptical of what the professors have been telling you about the story, you are slandered and blacklisted. Cut and dried.

The professorial class, the pizza mavens of North America, operates on the presumption that intellectual freedom should be sliced up like pizzas and doled out only to those who believe what the professors believe, while those who are skeptical are denied the delicious sustenance of a free intellectual life. I agree with you—it is indeed outrageous—but it's so richly comic at the same time that I have to forgive them their weakness for their pizza-pie concept. The truth is, I love those guys.

What have I done to be named one of the top-ten extremists, maybe one of the most dangerous men in America? I run advertisements in student newspapers at university and college campuses around the country. The ads encourage an open debate on—no surprise here—the Holocaust question. You will be amazed—maybe you will not be—at how much opposition there is among academics to examining this one historical non-event.

I'm not saying nothing happened to the Jews during the Hitlerian regime. That's what the professors want you to think I say. Everybody knows something happened. Hitler was a disaster for the Jews. Of course, Jews did end up with somebody else's land for themselves. They did end up getting tens of billions of dollars—they're still getting it, tens of billions! -- from American taxpayers. American citizens living in the sprawl and slums of our great urban centers must be very pleased and proud to know how much money they have contributed to the colonization of Arab land by European Jews.

Simply put, I do not believe in thought crimes, in taboos against intellectual freedom. I do not believe it is a thought crime to express skepticism about the "gas chamber" stories. I do not believe in State censorship, or in blacklisting writers who have something to say about The Holocaust question.

I do not believe it is a thought crime to question U.S. support for Israel and its brutal and foolish policies toward Palestinians. I do not believe it is a thought crime to argue that the U.S. Congress should stop funding the Israeli military, "the only democracy in the Middle East." It didn't stop 9/11, did it? As a matter of fact, it can be argued that channeling billions of dollars to the Israeli military over half a century played a key role in the decision of Muslim radicals to attack New York City and Washington. I may be wrong, but in my book, being wrong is not a "thought crime."

IN THE EARLY 1960s I OWNED A BOOKSTORE ON HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD

One afternoon I was arrested, jailed and prosecuted for having refused to stop selling a book that in those days was banned by the U.S. Government—Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*. What followed was the longest civil trial to have taken place in Los Angeles up to that time. I was found guilty of selling a book that the State did not approve of. I had committed a "thought crime."

I argued then that students (everybody) had the right to read radical literary works. It didn't help. I was convicted by a jury of my peers, in a court that was heavily loaded with believing Christians. All my Jewish friends were on my side on that one. Jewish lawyers volunteered to represent me in court *pro bono*. A Jewish professor and poet testified for the defense and against the State—on principle. When it came to reading Henry Miller, no matter how offensive his language was to Christians, Jews everywhere stood up for intellectual freedom. As a matter of fact, the first American edition of Miller's *Tropic* was published by a stand-up, New York Jew—Barney Rossett of Grove Press.

Now the shoe is on the other foot. Jews everywhere find it deeply offensive that I express skepticism about what they believe about the Holocaust story. Most of my Jewish friends (not all of them) have left me to my fate. No Jewish professor has stepped forward to defend my work on campus to encourage intellectual freedom with regard to the Holocaust. *Au contraire*. If someday I am ar-

rested for what I have written—in most Western European countries I risk being arrested for having written that the "gas-chamber" story is a fraud—I will not expect a Jewish lawyer to come to my defense.

But then, come to think of it, who knows?

In any event, my work remains what it was. To give revisionism a "human face." As a writer, I have only one way to do this. I will give myself up to my readers. As I present the case for intellectual freedom and a free press with one hand, with the other I will hand over all the weaknesses of my character to those of you who chose to read my book. The foolishness, the errors of judgment, the failures of understanding, all the things that never change no matter how many years you live.

I will give up as much of it to you as I can. That's what writers do, each in his own way. Still, I am only human, so I suppose I will keep a few things to myself. I do not believe that any among us is willing to hand over the whole enchilada. I suppose, at bottom, we do not even know what comprises the whole enchilada. It's always been a mystery. It isn't going to change. We do the best we can.

Ah, well.

A FRIDAY AFTERNOON IN BAJA—OR—WHAT MAN IS A HERO TO HIS OWN WIFE?

So here it is, Friday afternoon in Baja, and Alicia and I are at a fish taco stand sitting in the sun in white plastic chairs in the dirt and the tourists are beginning to arrive for the weekend. The sun is hot but a fine breeze is blowing off the ocean and we're okay. My wife is Mexican and for the most part we speak in Spanish.

"My book has been printed," I say. "Finally. After all the problems. I feel great."

"I am glad to hear that, Gordo," Alicia says. "I hope this one makes a profit. Maybe we can paint the house. Or put handles on the closet doors."

"We are going to be rich and famous."

"Of course."

"You do not believe me."

"I used to think that you were serious when you told me that. It took me years to understand that you are joking. It is all right, Gordo. You can count on me. I am used to living like this."

I decide the best thing to do is to drop the joke about becoming rich and famous. It's a fine afternoon. The sunlight, the air, the book is published. Very nice. Still, I want to talk about the book. I'm high on the book.

"I have a question," I say carefully. "If you did not know me, and you saw the cover of my book with my photograph on it for the first time, would you want to read it?"

"I think I would, " Alicia says soberly.

"Why?"

"The title," she says soberly. "And then the photograph."

"What do you mean?"

"The title makes me curious. Then the photograph makes me want to know what the old fool is getting at."

Now she's laughing.

"I see," I say. "It is all right for you to make a little joke."

With my wife you have to be able to take a joke or you'll go crazy. She does not follow my work on campus partly because it is difficult for her to read English, and partly on principle. She is an evangelical Christian and is suspicious of anyone who writes anything that is critical of Israel.

She says: "You understand. That is how I would feel about reading your book if I did not know you."

"I see. But what if you did know me?"

"I do know you, Gordo. I have known you for thirty years. That is the problem."

"Okay. Okay." I remain quiet for a moment. I'm thinking things over. I think I've got it.

"Okay," I say. "If you saw the cover of the book with my photo on it for the first time, and even though you do know me, would you want to read it?"

"It makes me curious to think about reading it," she says soberly.

"What is it about the cover that makes you curious?"

"I look at that photograph and it just makes me wonder—what is the old fool getting at?"

Then she's laughing again the big laugh that always takes me by surprise, exploding as it does from such a small woman.

"Okay. But I am serious."

"Gordo, it is too late for that. If you had wanted to be serious you would have found a way to make us a living twenty-five years ago. You are a dreamer. That is your weakness."

I reply with a snappy, if obvious, comeback.

"Maybe I am a serious dreamer."

"I do not think so. You dream about birds flying through the sky. You have a family, Gordo. Your obligation is to dream about having a bird in the hand. But it is too late for us. I know that."

I remain quiet. We've had this conversation before. At first it's funny for both of us. After a while, sometimes it's not so funny for me. We reach a point where I am not certain how much of what she says is joking and how much is something else.

The truth about dreams, however, is that I don't believe in dreams. I do not believe that there is a dream waiting for me in the future, ready to be fulfilled. I think this is it. The sunlight. The wonderful air coming in off the ocean. The wife who likes to burlesque her husband but who is a good wife. It's fine. It's fine. Just the way it is.

I THOUGHT I KNEW THE TRUTH ABOUT THE HOLOCAUST STORY. I WAS WRONG.

I admit it. All my adult life I believed everything I heard about the Holocaust story. I believed in the "unique" monstrosity of the Germans. I believed in the universal "innocence" of the Jews. I believed the Americans did "only what they had to do" in that war. I was like a child that way. May the gods forgive me.

When you see people doing what you know is wrong, do you want to blow the whistle on them? I do. I think most of us do. When we find

people who are deliberately making false accusations against others, most of us want to blow the whistle on the slanderers. When we see people cheating, or stealing, or deliberately hurting others, we want to do what we can to stop that. And when we see others covering up for such people, we want to blow the whistle on them too.

Holocaust revisionists are whistle blowers. Revisionist theory blows the whistle on the fraud surrounding the "Holocaust" story that started during World War II and continues to this day. Look. Germans did not employ homicidal gassing chambers to murder millions of Jews in an "industrial" setting. It simply cannot be demonstrated that the fabled homicidal gassing chambers ever existed. I don't believe they did. I should be able to argue for an open debate on the matter without being slandered and blacklisted.

And how crazy can we be anyhow? Exploiting the Holocaust story, the core of which is a false accusation of unique monstrosity against Germans, European Jews were encouraged to move *en masse* to the Middle East after World War II and take Arab land for themselves, against the will of the people living on it.

The moral "logic" of this scenario is that I can take what I want from you because—in another place, at another time—somebody else mugged me. You don't like that brainless logic? You "hate" me. Give me a break!

IT'S NOT ALWAYS HOW MUCH YOU KNOW, BUTHOW WILLING YOU ARE TO CONFRONT WHAT YOU DO KNOW.

There's a scene in a movie titled "The Shootist" that I have never forgotten. John Wayne is an aging professional gunfighter and he's been talked into having a quick-draw contest with a teenage wannabe gunfighter. In the event, the kid beats John Wayne to the draw. The kid is ecstatic. He's beaten a professional gunfighter, a man who is his hero. He pauses to reflect. How can someone who can be out-drawn by an inexperienced kid like himself, become a famous gunfighter?

The John Wayne character responds with a profound insight (Hollywood is not a complete loss to the human endeavor—it only appears to be so most of the time).

"It's not how fast ya are, Son," the shootist drawls. "Ya gotta be willin."

You have to be willing!

There's the key to this Holocaust-Israel-radical Muslim-9/11-Afghanistan and maybe Iraq thread of blood that keeps stitching, stitching its way through our lives. We have to be willing -- willing to see, which is to confront, what actually is.

A FRIDAY AFTERNOON IN BAJA—CONTINUED. WHAT 'S IN THE BOOK?

I haven't given up. I walk to a liquor store and buy a bottle of merlot and take it back to our table at the taco stand. It's against the law to drink alcohol at this stand but there is an understanding agreed to by all, including the police because they believe they have more important things to do, that if you do not take the bottle out of the paper bag, if you do not pour the beverage into a cup or glass that is transparent, and if you do not fall out of your chair or make a spectacle of yourself some other way, it's okay. It's illegal but it's okay. Mexico!

The merlot is not very good. I'm drinking it anyhow. The sun is still high in the sky. The fresh air is still coming in off the top of the ocean. Half a dozen "pochos" walk by shouting and laughing. Pocho is how Mexicans refer to Mexican-Americans. These pochos are big and strong and have shaved heads and tattooed arms. You know right away they're Americans. You're impressed.

Alicia doesn't drink. Evangelicals believe drinking alcohol is a worthless and dangerous crutch for men with weak characters. When she's annoyed with me, when she's very annoyed, she goes to my liquor cabinet, takes out the bottles and empties them in the kitchen sink. I understand and accept that. I'm an accepting kind of guy. Usually, so is my wife. That's how we have made it work for twenty-five years.

I say: "I am going to tell you about a few things that are in the book and then you will be able to tell me in a more serious way if you would want to read it or not."

"You have spilled wine on your shirt."

"Have I?"

"Give me your handkerchief and I will clean you."

"Okay. Do not make theater out of it."

"Hold still. I have been cleaning you for how many years? I know how to do this."

The sun. The ocean air. The merlot. Alicia scrubbing my shirt. It's okay. The mind is off and running. What's in the book? Off the top of my head?

THE "PRIVATE LIFE" OF A HOLOCAUST REVISIONIST

There is the fist time I ever said the wrong thing about a German and how a Jewish lady friend brought it to my attention and how taken aback I was.

The Turkish highwayman who robbed and murdered travelers in the countryside and how he and I are very much alike.

Korea and afterward when I was in the army hospital and the morning I became a writer.

When the visions started.

The mad poets at Northwestern University. Emory professor Deborah Lipstadt. The yin and yang of intellectual freedom. Education, honor, and Ramana Maharshi. Wandering too and fro inside the earth and up and down in it. Drinking beer, riding bicycles, and the voice from the blue. All this in the first chapter.

My introduction to the neuroscientific discovery about "negative brain waves."

The reason the condors are becoming extinct and the similarities between cows and dogs.

The correct perspective from which to view half of a Chinese corpse when that's all there is there.

How, when you shoot someone, you should do it well or later it will always nag at you.

What kind of hero I wanted to be when I was a child and how I got over it.

"The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze" and how writing can be a serious affair.

The waterfall in ancient Greece. The great lizard that lives inside the earth. The secret garden on Hollywood Boulevard where John Milton holds court.

How hydrocephalic professors do not teach the gas chamber stories while regular professors make a habit of it.

Intellectual freedom has political and philosophical ramifications, but it has spiritual ones as well.

American combat veterans "remember." Holocaust survivors "remember." But they remember differently.

What it is that I denied to Jews for so long.

The stories about Jewish soap and German matzoh.

I watch a daughter being born. Thank you Alicia. Thank ya Jesus! Blacks, Whites, Mexicans and Persians.

The one-armed Mexican. The one-armed Vietnamese. The hand grenade.

A vision of Jesus. What it means.

Corpses here and there, race everywhere, and the old White guy begging money outside a Burger King.

Hitler's compares himself to Roosevelt from a class-conscious perspective.

The wonderful story of Yankiel Wiernik, the "survivor" hero of Treblinka. "I sacrificed all those nearest and dearest to me. I myself took them to the execution site. I built their death chambers for them. I led millions of human beings to their doom." Is this my kind of survivor hero or what?

On tour as a revisionist speaker.

A Pennsylvania in-studio radio interview where I learn for the first time that Nazis mated gorillas with German women.

A Boston TV show where the Jewish Defense League just happens to show up.

The night I dream that I have been gassed at Auschwitz.

The claim that Jewish cadavers can spurt geysers of blood from their graves for months after they are buried. We all know how talented Jewish cadavers are, but still....

At Buchenwald did Germans really throw a Jew into a cage every morning with a bear and an eagle and watch while the bear ate him and the eagle "picked his bones"?

At Auschwitz did Jewish fathers really take their sons by the hand and leap into flaming ditches without protesting?

Did work Jews really attend to cremating other Jews, including members of their own family, by basting them with ladles of Jewish fat?

Is the Holocaust Memorial Museum in Washington D.C. a "necessary, civilizing memorial," or a 150-million dollar monument to vulgarity and fraud?

A photograph in the USHMM exhibit. Something happens that I do not expect.

The death threats. The threats to kill the children. The ridicule, the slander, the contempt. Daily life for a Holocaust revisionist activist.

Dream where I am shot in the head, then the heart.

The movie about Jim Morrison and The Doors.

The night Mother is to die. Thinking about Gandhi. The connection.

The Hofstra University rabbi who suggests a free exchange of ideas about one of my ads.

Why I will bless all rabbis with my good will, my patience, and my radical cooperation.

Adolf Hitler and Anne Frank. The honor they share.

On turning away from intellectual freedom.

John Silber, Chancellor of Boston University, makes a fool of himself over Elie Wiesel.

The hog that sees auras and the old Mexican guy who chats her up.

The World Trade Towers and the Pentagon. Will there be people one day who say it didn't happen?

The great pile of rubble in New York City. The sound coconuts make when they fall from the trees.

Billy Graham brings home the tragedy of 9/11 for me.

The bar in Baja. One stool. Microchip thinking. The cause underlying 9/11, wars past and future in the Middle East, the habits of the professorial class—and all the rest of us. Including me.

THAT'S NOT THE WHOLE STORY

But it should give you a sense of how I work, the flavor of the work. You have to read the book of course to get the whole story. When you do read the book you will never again take at face value what you hear about Holocaust revisionism—or those who condemn it. You will have discovered that Holocaust revisionists have a "human face." just like those who condemn Holocaust revisionists

It is precisely because I am creating this human face for revisionists that my work is seen by the Holocaust Industry and other Israeli-firsters as being so dangerous. You can't demonize those who show a human face. An International Television Network (British) report noted that of all the revisionist Web sites on the Internet, Israeli "authorities" are particularly concerned about mine. If Israeli authorities could demonize me, I wouldn't worry them so.

After reading *Break His Bones*, after seeing for yourself what an ordinary and harmless fellow I am, I believe you will get a feeling for how fragile the historical foundation for the Holocaust story really is. You will understand why the Holocaust Industry and those allied with them in academia, need to demonize revisionists and black-list their books.

I'm not a scholar. I'm a simple writer who has found himself "willing" to confront the Great Mother of all taboos—the taboo against an open debate on the Holocaust. It's as if the professorial class does not understand that intellectual freedom makes the

same promise to them as it does to me – that the "light of day" will shine on Holocaust believers and Holocaust skeptics alike. People like you and me.

What's wrong with that?

Break His Bones is unique. There is no other book like it in English—or any other language. You will find information in *Bones* that will surprise you. Stories that you will read nowhere else. You will have in your hands the "private life" of a Holocaust revisionist. You will not have anything else like it for a long time coming.

Break His Bones: The Private Life of a Holocaust Revisionist. 320 pages, 112,000 words. Soft cover. $19. - (U.S.)

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The Private Life of a Holocaust Revisionist

by Bradley R. Smith

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CONTRARIAN PRESS. Last summer many of you ordered a package of booklets and videos from Desmond Boles. By early August I was hearing that some of you were not receiving what you had ordered. As it turned out, Boles had been hospitalized for several weeks right in the middle of the affair. He's been back on his feet the last six weeks and all orders should be in your hands now. If you want to contact Boles, or if you want to order anything else, here is his address:

Desmond Boles
Contrarian Press
1800 S. Robertson Blvd. #200
Los Angeles, CA 90035

HOUSEHUNTING. This is in the future, but there's no time like the present to start. Aftere six years in Baja, we have to think about getting back to the other side, back to the U.S. There is more than one reason, but the first reason is that in a couple years Paloma, our youngest daughter, will be of age to enter college. We want to be in the right place. A town not too big, a college not too distant, house rentals not too high (I do not expect to be able to buy anything). I'll mention this every once in a while. No great hurry, but it's coming.

BREAK HIS BONES. I guess the time is come to *sell the book.* A number of you have already ordered it. Some have asked that it be autographed. Happy to do it. I will have the book here and be able to ship in about two weeks. The price is $19, postpaid.

Meanwhile, you can purchase the book through BookMasters Inc. You will probably get it sooner via BookMasters than you will from me here in Baja. Their address is:

BookMasters Inc
30 Amberwood Pkwy.
Ashland, OH 44805

BookMasters will charge
$19 plus $4 postage, or $23 total.

If you do buy *Bones*, I hope you find it a good read. It will not be everybody's cup of tea, but then you can't write for "everybody." If you could, there would be no need for most writers.

Half an hour ago the national ad rep from the *Daily Cal* at Berkeley called to say that the paper will start running my ad for *Bones* on 28 October. One time each week. I was beginning to have a bad feeling about Berkeley, but here we are! We'll now discover the strength of this simple ad, this simple concept.

Until I become rich selling *Bones*, I'm going to continue to need your help. Why you? Because there just isn't anyone else. Please do what you can. And best regards.

FRIENDS

Smith's Report is free to all those who help me in anyway they see fit. My primary need is for contributions. That is not going to change. Everyone who receives this issue of **SR** will continue to receive it in its printed form until I discover that you are not interested in helping, or until you ask me to cancel your sub.

Those of you who I have not heard from over the past year will no longer receive **SR**. If you do receive this newsletter but don't want to, please take the time to drop me a card so that I can remove your name from my mailing list.

The more help I receive, the better the chances that I will be able to create a place in this society where the Holocaust story and thus the U.S./Israeli alliance can be discussed rationally. Nothing is more important than your contribution.

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and correspondence to:

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